

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING.

- 1 The New Ploughboy.
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- 5 The gaily Circling Glass.



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The New Ploughboy.

COME all ye lads and listen a while,
I'll sing you a pretty song, which will make you smile,
My song is both short and sweet, you may drink to your
sweetheart,
And I will drink to mine. With my ri talle.

It's of a jolly ploughboy, was ploughing of his land,
He called of his horses and bid them to stand,
Then he sat down upon his plough and he began to sing,
The echo of his harmony made the woods to ring.

As a farmer's daughter was nutting in yon wood,
The song he sung so sweetly charm'd her as she stood,
She had no longer power in the wood to stay,
Those few nuts that she'd gather'd she flung them all away

She went unto young Johnny as he sat on the plough,
She said young man I find myself I cannot tell how,
Come here you charming creature and sit you down by me
Come sit you down along with me I'll ease you of all care

Then Johnny left his horses and likewise his plough,
He went into yon valley his courage for to shew,
Then he began sowing and ploughing his land,
Young man says she I think the world turns round.

Johnny began a sowing as he did before,
Till he had not one grain of seed left in his barn or flore,
There's one thing more dear Johnny I've to say to thee,
If I should chance to prove with child be kind and marry me

Young Johnny left of ploughing and sowing of his land.
And when he got upon his legs he scarce upon them could stand,

And as they were together she on his breast did lay,
Young man, says she, I fain would see the world turn round again.

Come all you farmers dugliters in nutting who delight,
I would have you to go home in good time of night,
For if you chance to stay to hear the plough boys sing,
Perhaps they may get you with child & fill your apron string

THE

BELFAST MAID's LAMENTATION.

COME all you pretty maids, take warning by me,
And let not love affect you in any degree,
Now I was cross'd in love, and love it was my pain
By a handsome youth that has cross'd o'er the main.

O that I was a little bird, or had I wings to fly,
I'd to the field of battle go and on him I would lie,
With my flutt'ring wing his bleeding wounds I'd clean,
And on his lovely bosom I'd ever remain.

But now my love's gone I'll wander and roam,
Thro' each lonesome valley making my moan,
The small birds of the bushes will join and pity me,
Since I have lost my jewel and him I'll never see.

Ye maidens take pity on a poor wretched maid,
 Who's with-grief afflicted, by Cupid's dart betray'd ;
 Ye gods of love assist me my burning love to quench,
 I'm wounded by a young man that's gone to fight the
 French.

His lips are like the coral, his cheeks like the rose,
 His skin is like the lilly, his eyes ate black as floes,
 He's proper, tall and handsome in every degree,
 He has cross'd the wide ocean to face his enemy.

If to the field of battle my darling he goes,
 Gaurdian angels protect him from his daring foes,
 May he be crown'd with laurels the boy that I adore,
 And may I live to see him in Belfast town once more.

If by the cruel French my darling should be slain,
 Then for ever single for his sake I will remain,
 To no mortal man breathing will I give my hand,
 Until I see my jewel in his native land.

O what a misfortune took him from his place,
 I wish I'd ne'er beheld his beautiful fine face,
 The words that pass'd between us on our parting day,
 I never will deny it, he stole my heart away,

He said to me My jewel, come along with me,
 As we are young and airy and from all danger free,
 And whilst you are by me no danger would I fear,
 But hark ! the trumpet sounds; so farewell my dear.

Black, Brown, and Fair.

YOU tell me dear girl, that I'm given to rove,
 That I sport with each lass on the green,
 That I join in the dance, and sing sonnets of love,
 And still with the fairest am seen.

CHORUS.

With my hey derry down, and hey down derry,
 Around the green meadows, so blithe and so merry,
 With black, brown, and fair, I've frolick'd 'tis true,
 But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Philis or Nancy are nam'd in my song,
 My eyes will still wander to you,
 Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong,
 To you and you only they're due.

With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
 Around the green meadows, so blithe and so merry,
 My songs are of pleasure and beauty 'tis true,
 But I never lov'd any dear Mary but you.

In those eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,
 But alas ! 'tis the language of love,
 My feelings you'd pity that language once known,
 Oh learn it all doubts to remove.

With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
 Around the green meadows, so blithe and so merry,
 You'll ne'er find a heart, that's more fond or more true
 For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

THE

SPOTTED COW.

ONE morning in the month of May,
 As from my cot I strayed,
 Just at the dawning of the day,
 I met a charming maid:

Good morn maid, whither said I,
 So early, tell me now,
 'The maid reply'd, kind sir, she cry'd,
 I've lost my spotted cow.

No more complain no longer mourn,
 Your cow's not lost, my fair,

I saw her down in yonder burn,
Come love and I'll show you where.

I must confess you're very kind,
I thank you sir, said she ;
You will be sure her there to find ;
Come sweetheart go with me.

Then to the groves we did repair,
And cross'd the flowery dale ;
We hug'd and kiss'd each other there,
And love was all our tale.

All in the grove we spent the day,
And thought it past too soon ;
At night we homeward bent our way,
When brightly shone the moon.

So should I cross the flowry lawn,
Or go to view the plow ;
She comes and calls Ye gentle swain,
I've lost my spotted cow.

By the Gaily Circling Glass.

BY the gaily circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass,—

By the hollow flask are told,
 How the wanning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away ;
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care—'twas made for you.

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